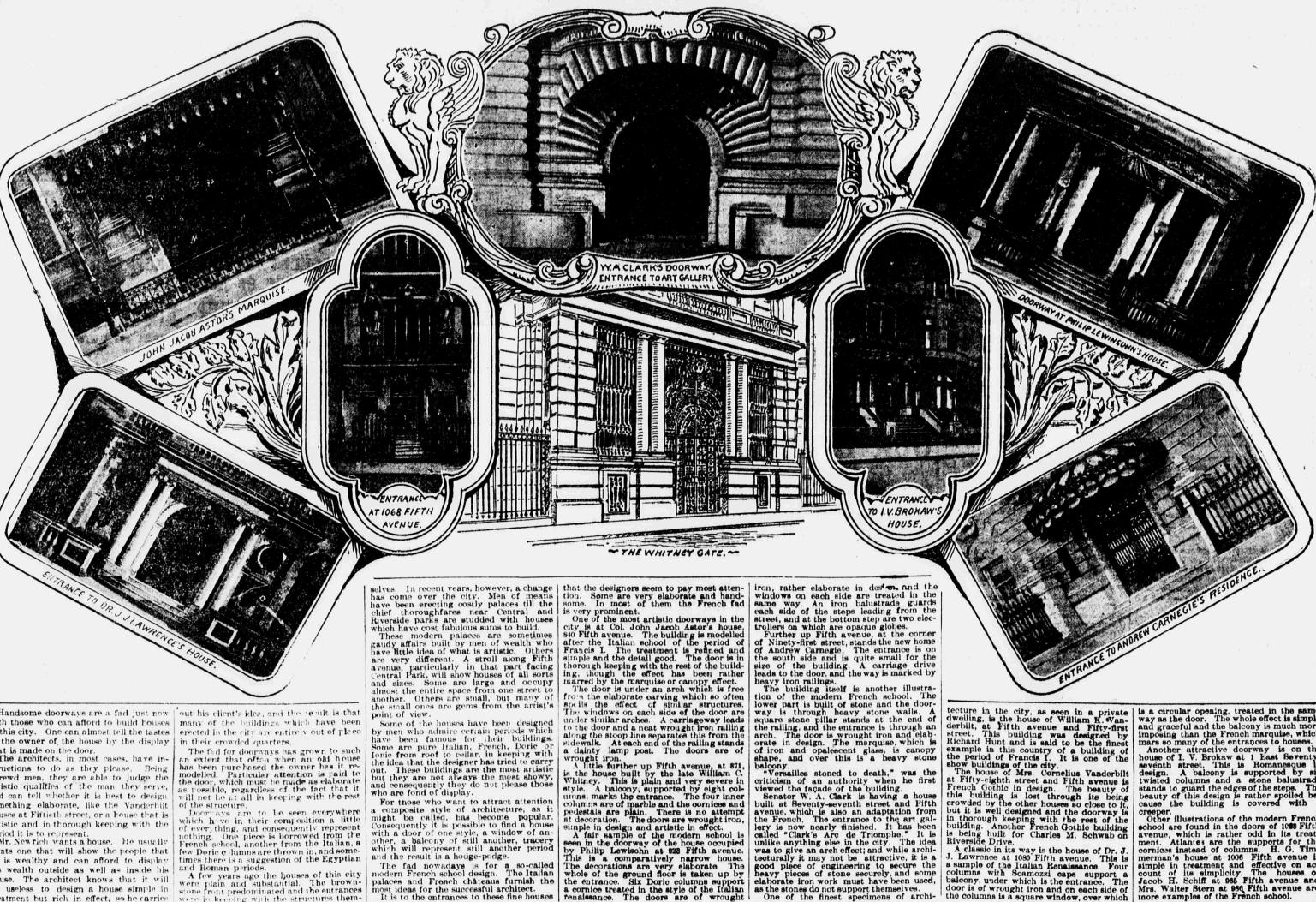
BEAUTY IN NEW YORK DOORWAYS. A FANCY IN ARCHITECTURE THAT IS ADDING TO THE TOWN'S GOOD LOOKS.



Handsome doorways are a fad just now with those who can afford to build houses n this city. One can almost tell the tastes of the owner of the house by the display that is made on the door

structions to do as they please. Being shrewd men, they are able to judge the artistic qualities of the man they serve, and can tell whether it is best to design something elaborate, like the Vanderbilt houses at Fiftieth street, or a house that is artistic and in thorough keeping with the period it is to represent.

Mr. Newrich wants a house. He usually

wants one that will show the people that he is wealthy and can afford to display his wealth outside as well as inside his ouse. The architect knows that it will be useless to design a house simple in treatment but rich in effect, so he carries

times there is a suggestion of the Egyptian and Roman periods.

A few years ago the houses of this city plain and substantial.

out his client's idea, and the result is that many of the buildings which have been erected in the city are entirely out of place in their crowded quarters.

The fad for doorways has grown to such an extent that often when an old house has been purchased the owner has it re-modelled. Particular attention is paid to modelled. Particular attention is paid to the door, which must be made as elaborate as possible, regardless of the fact that it will not be at all in keeping with the rest

of the structure.

Doorways are to be seen everywhere which have in their composition a little of everything, and consequently represent nothing. One piece is borrowed from the French school, another from the Italian, a few Doric columns are thrown in, and sometimes there is a suggestion of the Egyptian

stone front predominated and the entrances were in keeping with the structures them-

the small ones are gems from the artist's

point of view.

Some of the houses have been designed by men who admire certain periods which have been famous for their buildings. Some are pure Italian, French, Doric or Ionic from roof to cellar, in keeping with the idea that the designer has tried to carry out. These buildings are the most artistic but they are not always the most showy, and consequently they do not please those who are fond of display.

For those who want to attract attention

who are fond of display.

For those who want to attract attention a composite style of architecture, as it might be called, has become popular. Consequently it is possible to find a house with a door of one style, a window of another, a balcony of still another, tracery which will represent still another period and the result is a hodge-podge.

The fad nowadays is for a so-called

The fad nowadays is for a so-called modern French school design. The Italian palaces and French châteaus furnish the most ideas for the successful architect. It is to the entrances to these fine houses

a cornice treated in the style of the Italian renalssance. The doors are of wrought

as the stones do not support themselve One of the finest specimens of archi-

tecture in the city, as seen in a private dwelling, is the house of William K. Wanderbilt, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-first street. This building was designed by Richard Hunt and is said to be the finest example in this country of a building of the period of Francis I. It is one of the show buildings of the city.

The house of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue is French Gothic in design. The beauty of this building is lost through its being crowded by the other houses so close to it, but it is well designed and the doorway is in thorough keeping with the rest of the building. Another French Gothic building is being built for Charles M. Schwab on Riverside Drive.

A classic in its way is the house of Dr. J.

A classic in its way is the house of Dr. J. J. Lawrence at 1080 Fifth avenue. This is a sample of the Italian Renaissance. Four columns with Scamozzi caps support a balcony, under which is the entrance. The the columns is a square window, over which

is a circular opening, treated in the same way as the door. The whole effect is simple and graceful and the balcony is much more imposing than the French marquise, which mars so many of the entrances to houses.

Another attractive doorway is on the house of I. V. Brokaw at 1 East Seventy-seventh street. This is Romanesque in design. A balcony is supported by six twisted columns and a stone balustrade stands to guard the edges of the steps. The beauty of this design is rather spoiled because the building is covered with a creeper.

Other illustrations of the modern French Other illustrations of the modern French; school are found in the doors of 1068 Fifth avenue, which is rather odd in its treatment. Atlantes are the supports for the cornices instead of columns. H. G. Timmerman's house at 1008 Fifth avenue is simple in treatment and effective on account of its simplicity. The houses of Jacob H. Schiff at 965 Fifth avenue and Mrs. Walter Stern at 986 Fifth avenue are more examples of the French school.

MAKING ODELL'S CARD INDEX.

12 HOURS OF HARD WORK WITH THE PEV FOR \$2.

A Task Harder and Pay Poorer Than That of the Street Sweepers-Scores Glad to Get It, Though, and Worked on Night and Day as Long as They Could. The girls crowded all the aisles, between

closely set rows of men at work. The men had begun to come at 6:30 in the morning. By 8 all had their heads bowed beneath the electric lights hard at work. This fact alone seemed worth something to the people occupied with the economical probem as it concerns the sexes.

Work to the men meant food and lodging:

The girls strayed in leisurely from homes. Work meant perhaps something toward the family life, clothes, spending money. It was not for such stern necessities as roof and food. Here were tremulous old men, strapping young men—scores of the sort of men one expects to find as clerks and bookkeepers; natty young men, men of education, men one would expect to find with ambitions. All were eager to secure three days work at pay not even on such good terms as the street sweepers.

ln time the fluttering, chattering girl crowd was seated, with election district ink bottles and pens and a stack of cards in front of each. At each table was a supervisor who directed them, amid much interchange of chaff and groans as the nature of the work was made clear. I thought you meant addresses. I call

this writing biographies."

There is always a girl in every group who supplies the gigglers with material.
"Say, wouldn't I like to see the man
that wrote that 'ad'! Wouldn't I like to

I've spent me car fare; now I've got to

ut in time they all got down to work, and this was what they had to do:
Each had the registry of an election
district transcribed upon cards, name by
name. First came the numbers of the name of the voter, his address, the number of the floor or room he occupies, his age, the length of time he has been in the dishis nationality and the address of the from which he registered last. All

changes of address must be kept in a seprate pile.
For each 1.00 cards thus filled out the writer receives \$2. This seems reasonable at the first glance. But the work is more or less difficult, according to the manner in which the inspectors have done their share of it. Some of the books are as casy as the nature of the work admits. Others are almost impossible.

Lazy and indifferent inspectors do not fill out all the blanks. For the street the eye must travel each time to the head of t; instead of signifying years or a barren figures are set down months, barren figures are set down or the length of time the voter has lived the election district; nationalities are scribed in unintelligible scrawls; names

An election district populated by foran ejection district Jopulated by twoeigners is many times more difficult, owing
to the execrable handwriting and the
spelling of the names. If the addresses
are on the avenues and the numbers among
the thousands twice the time is occupied n transcribing. As the work is piece work all these matters count appreciably in the amount accomplished.

men took their fate in silence. But according to the contents of the yellow register allotted them the girls expended their feelings. "I wish some of them Russians was mur-

said the witty girl, struggling with her Allen street population. "Say, Rosey, wake up, and come make this out for me."
Rosey, the unshorn Hebraw supervisor for this table, was then calmly sleeping on a pile of mail bags.

"Rosey, I'd like your job. You've got a cinch."

"Now, girls, you'd be sleepy, too, if you'd been up all night like I was," he protests, going to her aid. "Aw, let them checkers at \$5 a day wrestle with that. ay, you all got work enough till I git back.

I'm thirsty.

"So long, Rosey, take one for me."
In time the eye becomes practised enough to sweep across the wide space of the yellow book to pick up together the name and the address. Another glance would get the "room," "age" and time in the district, with perhaps the "U.S." for nationality. It took another glance to get the last registry address. If all was plain sailing the work became, in a sense, automatic. But, working unremittingly with fingers practised with ing unremittingly with fingers practised with the pen, it took ten hours to fill 750 cards. Under twelve hours' constant labor the best worker could not write more than 1,000 cards. So the conditions were harder and the pay poorer than that of the street

This job was the making of Governor-Chairman Odell's famous card index. It was farmed out, and the prices paid were those set by the contractors. As the work of each registration day must be finished in three days, anybody who can stand it may of each registration day must be imisted in three days, anybody who can stand it may work all day and all night for this period. "That 'ad' said good pay," the talkative girl grumbled. "Girls, with car fare and a ten cent lunch I'll make about 30 cents, and this draught is so cruel I'll spend that for

"Stay to-night and work," repeated an-her girl. "Not much. Me mother'd be

work to-morrow? I guess not. To-morrow's Sunday. You net do't be jollying me, boss, I'm not coming. I can earn more money doin' nothin."

money doin' nothin'."

As night came on the greans were louder.

No girl was allowed to, go until her book
wes finished.
"Say, boss, let me take it home and finish.
I'll bring it back to-morrow, sure."
"No. Now be a nice girl," the Ross coaxed.
"You thish this and then go get your supper
and come back and work."
"Will you furnish supper money?"
"Yes," sneered another, "he'll furnish
supper money, and car fare if it rains.
Nit."

Their backs were half broken, their sides ached, but their youthful spirits were

At 8 o'clock the tired girls were gone, At 8 o'clock the tired girls were gone, but the ranks of the men were unbroken. They had settled down with swiftly flying, silent pens for as long as they could hold out. Their silence, the unceasing work of their pens, told how great was the stress that sent them there to work for such numbers of hours in order to earn a pittance.

While the work became in time almost autometry it was curious to note how the

automatic, it was curious to note how the mind ran with it, making its deductions. In a city in which a great part of the population is supposed to have its belonging

mind ran with it. maxing his districts in a city in which a great part of the population is supposed to have its belongings going from house to house, it was worth observing that by far the largest part of the voters remained a substantial time, not only in the district, but in the place from which they last registered.

In the far eastern and far western districts names distinctly foreign had remained in the same place fifteen and twenty years. Not infrequently voters register from homes in which they were born. Their nationality was signified by the letters "U. S." while that of the father would be marked "Irish" or "Ger." Contrary to the common belief, in some districts there would be a substantial number of naturalized Fnglish and not one Frenchman.

STILL MAKES HAIR JEWELRY.

A LONE RELIC OF A CRAZE OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

One Small Factory Able to Supply the Demand in New York-A Contrast of Civil War Times - Spanish - America Still Likes Mementos Made of Hair.

Sentiment and business seem far apart; yet many a big business has risen on a sentiment and has toppled when its unsubstantial foundation melted beneath it.

The manufacture of hair jewelry was one of these. In one of the low old buildings that remain downtown lingers the wavering ghost of a hair jewelry manufactory that once brought in \$400,000 a year. That was forty years ago, and the manufacturer's daughter still sits up in her little top floor room and makes hair jewelry; and still occasionally gets a letter addressed to her father at the old address where he made

hair rings and brooches by the million. Forty girls worked all the year around in that shop in its palmy days; and in the Christmas rush, working overtime, the operatives could make \$10 a week; a sum which has dwindled to \$8 or \$10. As many men were busy fashioning the gold mountings, and the business occupied three floors of a big building.

Now one operator, besides the proprietor, can easily fill all orders, except when the Christmas season begins. Then the employer seeks here and there for a few of her father's old operatives, still

ingering in the city, to do piecework. When these old hands are all gone, the proprietor does not know where to get more, for girls will not learn the trade nowadays. The black eyed, silverhaired little woman who runs the business tries them now and then. But by the time they have counted 100 hairs, she sees the tail end of their petticoats vanishing down the stairway.

She sighs, but does not complain. She

knows that it is not an age for counting She herself never learned to do the finest work in her youth, and now she is too Hair jewelry came out of Paris in 1860

For twenty years it was the fashion, and many an old brooch or bracelet is the last souvenir of some boy in blue who never came back. Then popular taste suddenly changed. The business fell as flat as the old watch-

key business when the stemwinder came The manufacturer failed and died, but not before he had taught his daughter the business. She has always been able to make a living

at it. The trade has never actually died. Founded on fashion, it has survived on sentiment. Especially at this time of year, in antici-

pation of the present giving season, orders come in from little New England villages, from lonely Western ranches, even from New York, for the transformation of a last memento into a permanent form. Silky brown curls still come through the mail to the little upstairs room; thin shreds of silver, long locks of gold. The little

room has a quaintly commingled flavor of funeral woes and the vanities of the world; bracelets and baby's locks; watch chains and Willie's curls; brooches and Bessie's

On the walls are more ghosts. That On the walls are more gnosts. That stone and weeping willow that Mrs. Deacon Smith used to have in her front room; those kneeling female figures and baskets of flowers of all the colors that come in hair, that one can remember hanging on the walls of cold, inhospitable spare bedrooms in the state of the

one's childhood.

The South mourned thus copiously up to very recent times. It was only a very few years ago that orders stopped coming in from Dixie for these devices, as they are called in the trade. And residents in the Spanish American countries still order the funeral things at from \$5 to \$35 anjece. the Spanish American countries still order the funeral things, at from \$5 to \$35 apiece. The Spanish have always been particularly fond of hair jewelry, and have never ceased to wear it. They like best that which employs a device, like one in hand the other day, for instance: a brooch of mother-of-pearl set in gold in the old fashioned oval shape and on the mother-of-pearl background a tiny wreath of hair, almost incredibly fine and delicate.

This is the fine work which the proprietor says she is not artist enough to execute.

This is the fine work which the proprietor says she is not artist enough to execute. It is a trade which would pay no one for learning to-day.

A tiny portion of hair is enough to supply little bands to place across the top of a ring or to fill in one side of a little heart shaped locket, or for a little device to put in the top of a bracelet. But it takes more to make a watch chain, which is the most common of all orders.

common of all orders.
Curiously enough, it is men more than women who have kept this sentimental old trade alive. There are more orders for hair watch chains than for all other

for hair watch chains than for all other devices put together.

They were finishing up a curious order the other day; a watch chain for a man in the Far West. He had sent in three kinds of hair, yellow, black and gray, and demanded that his chain be made in three pieces, one of each. It was not a beautiful thing when finished, but it was rather orthetic.

An uninitiated person would not recognize the material of these chains at first. Woven hair makes a material which might be used for a variety of purposes. It is silky, soft and yet wiry, like a stiff silk net. Mak-

soft and yet wiry, like a stiff silk net. Making it is a tedious job, and one can hardly blame the escaped apprentice for taking to paper boxes or lampshades instead.

Except for one other similar little upstairs place in New York and one or two in Chicago, this is the only shop in America where hair jewelry is made, and it supplies Spanish America as well. A flavor of the humorous occasionally lightens the twilight of the place.

One day there entered a man fallen in the vale of years, whose frosty locks might the vale of years, whose frosty locks might naturally have betokened a winter of senti-ment also. He wanted a brooch made of a lock of his hair. It was for a "lady friend," he said, and he knew she would

friend," he said, and he knew she would appreciate it greatly.

Asked for the material, he cheerfully bobbed his head down in front of the proprietor and suggested that she should cut off a lock, "somewhere where it wouldn't show." The proprietor, being a humorous little soul, and not desiring to lose the order, fied precipitately from the room to prevent herself from laughing in her custamer's face.

customer's face.

Now and then the hair of a favorite horse Now and then the hair of a favorite horse or dog is forwarded, almost invariably by a man; but the queerest material that ever came in was a bunch of elephant hair from the end of the big fellow's tall. It was sent by the largest jeweller in New York, who received the order from a lady of quality in northern Africa, whose pet the elephant had been.

The jeweller said he could command any

price, and would pay anything they asked, if they could do anything with it. So they straightened it and boiled it, and cleaned and combed and treated it, but all to no purpose. The more they fussed with it the worse it got. It was impossible to braid it, and the order had to be refused. On the wall of the shop hangs a memento highly prized by the proprietor, as it was by her father before her. It is a picture of Lincoln, surrounded by a floral device, all made of the hair of the great President. all made of the hair of the great President.

Her father was a worshipper of Lincoln, and after the tragedy he sought and obtained from Mrs. Lincoln enough of the President's hair to make two of these mementos. One he sent to Mrs. Lincoln, and the other still hangs on the shop wall.

Probably the fashion of hair jewelry will never revive. But there will always be a living in it for some one. For people still die and are sometimes mourned.

TOLD OF WELL KNOWN MEN.

Difference Between Father and Son. From Harper's Weekly. Representative Richardson of Tennesse

tells of a campaign conducted by Gov. "Bob" Taylor in that State.

Meeting for the first time a delegate from

ne of the eastern counties to the State convention, Mr. Taylor said: "I am glad to meet you, sir. I have known your father for a good many years, but this s the first time I have and the pleasure of seeing you. I see, sir, that the son is a better

ooking man than the father. "Oh, come, Governor," replied the delegate, banteringly, "you needn't try to jolly ne that way, for I'm for Barksdale all right. even if the old man is for you. Gov. Taylor smiled in a reflective way. My dear, sir," he added, "I merely said found you a better looking man than your

father. I did not say you had as much sense

Oyama an Excellent Judge. From the London Mirror.

When Ovama, chief of the Japanese General Staff, was Judge Advocate he attended a ball at Tokio one night. He was standing near a doorway when a beautiful Europear woman swept by, and so greatly did her charms impress Judge Oyama that he exclaimed involuntarily:

She overheard him. With a little smile. she looked back over her shoulder and, recognizing him, said: "What an excellent

> The Tac' of Gen. Plumer. From M. A. P.

"Gen. Plumer is noted for his tact in dealing with Colonial troops," says T. P. O'Connor, "and recently I heard of an incident

was severely tested. "One day in camp a particularly 'tough proposition' of an Australian, newly sent up from the base, got hold of some liquor and speedily became mad drunk. Raving and roaring about the camp, the Australian came upon Gen. Plumer, standing spick and span t the door of his tent, and, uttering some him a heavy blow on the chest before any one could interfere.

"I need hardly say that such an offence was punishable by death, but Gen. Plumer merely said to the onlookers who rushed up "'Oh, take him away; he's drunk and doesn' know what he is doing."

"And that was all the notice the General took of the affair. But the delinquent's comrades were not so lenient."

TERRAPIN UNDER SUSPICION.

WHY, ASKS THE EASTERN SHORE MAN, HAS THE PRICE FALLEN?

And What Becomes of the Flesh of All the Muskrats Killed on the Chesapeake Marshes?-Muskrat Not Bad Eating if You'll Only Overlook the Name "Listen," said the Eastern Shore man,

as he stood on the deck of his little craft and looked across the blue waters of the Chesapeake at the fleet of oystermen k Tangier Sound. "The price of terraph has fallen. Do you know why? Just because some of the epicures are using a substitute.

"Redbellies? No; they've used those for years, and you couldn't possibly tell 'em from the real diamond back. Some of us down here even think one is just about as good as the other.

"But now it's something cheaper. In my opinion it's muskrat.

"Did I ever eat muskrat? No. I'd as soon eat a canned oyster, the kind folks out West buy at \$1.50 a gallon. But pretty near anything wild and out of the water can be made to taste like terrapin if it's properly cooked and dressed, and muskrat is dark enough to serve the purpose.

"D've see that low land over there beyond those tongers? Well, that's marsh. There are miles of it here, thousands of acres. Not long ago you could buy it at 50 cents and \$1 an acre. Now the best of it fetches \$8 or \$10, more than a good deal of the upland.

"The marsh is bought partly for the duck and goose shooting, but also partly for the muskrats. You can always rent out marsh like that for muskrat hunting.

"Three fresh water rivers make in over there, and the consequence is that the marsh is just an ideal place for muskrats. They brees there like mice, and they are killed every winter by thousands and tens of thousands. We have a close i season for muskrats in Maryland, because we recognize the importance of our only plentiful fur-bearing animal.

Men, boys and even women kill the "Men, boys and even women kill the muskrats on these marshes. They are snared, caught in steel traps, shot and killed in their houses with what we call gigs, which are big, many-tined spears that kill two or three at once. I've known men who would take 1,200 muskrats in the short winter open season.

"There are two storkeepers down here."

"There are two storekeepers down here who buy two or three thousand dollars' worth of muskrat skins every year, and there are buyers here every winter from

there are buyers here every year, and
there are buyers here every winter from
Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.
Thousands of these skins are exported
to be reimported as something else.
"Now, what do you think becomes of
all the meat after the muskrats are skinned? Mind you there must be tone of it Mind you, there must be tons of it

nei? Mind you, there must be tons of it from these marshes alone.

"If you'll visit Cambridge or any other of these Eastern Shore towns on a Saturday in midwinter you'll find a man on the street selling muskrate by the hundred without even taking the trouble to call them marsh rabbits. Saturday is a public day down here, and the towns are filled with country people.

with country people.

"Mest down here isn't specially good, and poor folks live largely on pork. When

they want a change they eat muskrat. Those who are used to it like it.

"But, bless you, it isn't all eaten here.
A good deal is sent to Baltimore, and you'll

A good deal is sent to battimore, and you in never convince me that it isn't servei up as terrapin to some folks who are glad to pay 75 cents a dish for the stuff under its fine name.

"Mind you, it's just as clean as terrapin, and no doubt as wholesome, but it isn't diamondback. I've a notion that we Eastern Shore when will send take to serving. ern Shore men will soon take to serving the real thing on our own tables, some-thing we've been able to do very seldom since terrapin went up to \$70 and \$80 are

Mark Twain and Girl Who Didn't Laugh. From Success.

Mark Twain once expressed the following sentiments to a young woman who had not smiled at a thing that he had said during an impromptu reception in his honor at Bryn Mawr College to which his daughter had

invited him.

All the young ladies but one were in a state of great glee during the humorist's address-all but one had laughed heartily at every witty remark. Just as Twain finished, he turned to the young woman who had not laughed, and said, in an undertone: "You are the only sensible one here. I have not said a single amusing thing. If it were not for the conspicuousness of it I would like to press your hand."

Senator Morgan's Eclair. From the Saturday Evening Post. Senator John T. Morgan, who is quite near-

sighted, is the main figure. It appears that the Alabama statesman, while at dessert one evening in a hotel at Hot Springs, Va., experienced considerable difficulty in separating from the plate passed him by the colored waiter what he thought was a chocolate éclair. It stuck fast, so Senator Morgan pushed his fork quite under it eand tried again and again to pry it up. Suddenly he became aware that his friends

which much mystified him. But his surprise was even greater when the waiter quietly remarked "Pardon, me, Senator, but that's my

thumb!

Sir William Harcourt's Lack of Popularity. From the Chicogo News. Now that Sir William Harcourt is dead they are telling a story in England which shows how unpopular he was in his early life. Three men were in a club one evening talking of a big public dinner which was to be given at an early date and each said he would bring the best hated man in London

Two showed up alone and the third brought Sir William, who explained, in all innocence, that he was sorry that he could not accept the invitation of the first two, as he had already accepted that of the third.

Mr. Chamberlain as a Dancing Man.

From the Tattler.

That the ex-Colonial Secretary can waits will be a surprise to most people, as one would fancy dancing is an accomplishment altogether too frivolous for Mr. Chamberlain to

shine in. Two years ago, however, Mr. Chamberlain. Two years ago, however, Mr. Chamberlain, when staying with Lord and Lady Beau-champ attended a ball given by the then Mayor of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain danced several items on the programme, including three waltzes and a set of lancers, but did not attempt the polka. This is probably the only occasion in the past twenty years that Mr. Chamberlain has taken an active part in the ballroom.